

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. There they be, that dare and will disturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou hast misled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye Countermen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and say, God saue his Maiesty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and passe by.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye to braue?
And you base Pezants, do ye beleue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my sword therefore broke through London gates, that
you should leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out these Armes til
you had recovered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Dastards, and delight to lue in slauerie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backs with bur-
thens, take your houses ouer your heads, rauish your
Wives and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make shift for one, and so Gods Curse light vpon you
all.

All. Wee'll follow *Cade*,

Wee'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the sonne of Henry the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'll go with him,
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to lue, but by the spoile,
Vnlesse by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you lue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquished
Should make a start ore-seas, and vanquish you?
Me thinkes already in this ciuill broyle,
I see them Lording it in London streets,
Crying *Villains* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thousand base-borne *Cades* miscarry,
Then you should sloop vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue lost:
Spare England, for it is your Native Coast:
Henry hath mony; you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,

Wee'll follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather so lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, haies them
to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leaue mee de-
solate. I see them lay their heades together to surprize
me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying:
in despite of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
middest of you, and heauens and honor be witnesse, that
no want of resolution in mee, but onely my Followers
base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles.

Exit

Buc. What, is he fled? Go some and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his reward.

Exeunt some of them.

Follow me fouldiers, wee'll deuise a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King.

Exeunt owners.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and
Somerset on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No sooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maiesty.
King. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their
Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highnesse doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen set ope thy euerslasting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thanks and praise,
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And shew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue still in this so good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be unfortunate,
Assure your selues will neuer be vnkinde:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismisse you to your feuerall Countreies.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be aduertis'd,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hither ward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and Yorke
distrest,

Like to a Ship, that hauing scap'd a Tempest,
Is straight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is *Cade* driuen backe, his men dispiere'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to second him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reason of these Armes:
Tell him, Ile send Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerset* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be dismist from him.

Somerset. My Lord,

Ile yeelde my selfe to prison willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any case, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not so to deale,
As all things shall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wise, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curse my wretched raigne.

Flourish.

Exeunt.

Enter *Cade*.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions! he on my selfe, that haue I
hid me in these Woods, and durst not peepe out, for all
the Country is laid for me: but now am I so hungry, that
if I might haue a Lease of my life for a thousand yeares, I
could stay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue
I climb'd into this Garden, to see if I can eate Grasse, or
picke a Sallet another while, which is not amisse to coole
a mans stomacke this hot weather: and I think this word
Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for
a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill;
and many a time when I haue bene dry, & brauely mar-
ching, it hath seru'd me in steede of a quart pot to drinke
in: and now the word Sallet must serue me to feed on.

Enter *Iden*.

Iden. Lord, who would lue turmoyle in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I seeke not to waxe great by others warnings,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaine my state,
And sende the poore well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the soile come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his Fee-simple without leaue. A
Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes
of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make
thee eate Iron like an Ostridge, and swallow my Sword
like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatsoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to roby my grounds:
Climbing my walles inspight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with these fawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the best blood that euer was
broach'd, and deare thee too. Look on mee well, I haue
eate no meate these fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy
fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore
naile, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Iden. Nay, it shall nere be said, while England stands,
That *Alexander Idon* an Esquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combat a poore famisht man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist,
Thy legge a stick compared with this Truncheon,
My foote shall fight with all the strength thou hast,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whose greauesse answer's words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the most compleate Champi-
on that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or
cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chins of Beefe,
ere thou sleepe in thy Sheath, I beseech Ioue on my knees
thou mayst be turn'd to Hobnails.

Here they Fight.

O I am slaine, Famine and no other hath slaine me, let ten

thousand diuelles come against me, and giue me but three
ten meales I haue lost, and I'de defie them all. With
Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do
dwell in this house, because the vnconquered soule of
Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue slaine, that monstrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Master got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all
the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any,
am vanquished by Famine, not by Valour.

Id. How much thou wrong'st me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curse of her that bare thee:
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So with I, I might thrust thy soule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which shall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy most vngacious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunke for Crows to feed vpon.

Exit.

Enter *Yorke*, and his Army of Irish, with
Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes *Yorke* to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.

Ah *Santa Maestas*! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter shall it haue, haue I a soule,
On which Ile crosse the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to disturbe me?
The king hath sent him sure: I must dissemble.

Buc. *Yorke*, if thou meanest wel, I greet thee well.
Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting:
Art thou a Messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buc. A Messenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reason of these Armes in peace:
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Against thy Oath, and true Allegiance sworn,
Should raise so great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force so neere the Court?

Yor. Scarce can I speake, my Choller is so great:
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am so angry at these abiect tearmes.
And now like *Ajax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I spend my furie, well:
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts:
But I must make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more strong:
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no answer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cause why I haue brought this Armie hither,